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*In the Bend
of the Estataue
A Poem
by Samuel Justin Sparks*



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In the Bend of the Estataue

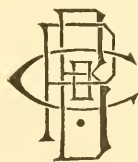
or

The Indian's Story in the White Man's Words ❁ ❁

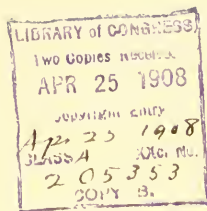
BY

SAMUEL JUSTIN SPARKS

Author of Poems, Sketches, etc.



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TO
GERTRUDE
AND
EVELYN.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Having been born in Kentucky, reared amid the scenes of former struggles for possession of the "Dark and Bloody Ground," attended school with Indians from the reservation and spent some time in Carolina, where this story begins, right on the site of a one time Indian home, I have been more and more impressed with the vastness of the misunderstanding between the red and the white man, which has caused so much suffering and woe.

It is yet the part of civilized Christians to break down this great wall which keeps us from understanding each other better and to give to them such ideas of life as will attract them from the hut and the chase.

May we narrow this breach from year to year till *our* God—*their* Moneto—shall smile upon us both as His dear children of earth, lovingly helping each other.

S. J. S.

IN THE BEND OF THE ESTATAUE

OR

THE INDIAN'S STORY IN THE WHITE MAN'S WORDS.

May my life be spent forever
Here beside this dashing river ;
May my life be free from ills
Among these grand and towering hills ;
I would love and woo and win
All of nature free from sin ;
May my life be in the chase
As the mighty river's race ;
Let my deeds of valor shine
Like the gleaming river's line
When the sun or moon-beams fall
Through the chestnuts, straight and tall.
Here I'll live unharmed by knaves,
Close beside my fathers' graves ;
And I roam here, now a boy,
On thy banks, sweet Estataue ;
And may Moneto never send
My children from this lovely bend ;
Here is my joy and peace complete.
May my children here secrete
My body in Mt. Mitchell's shade,
Beyond yon deep'ning everglade ;

Bury me in the land our own;
Bounded by yon rising Roan.
And then around and over Hawk,
On which the wild crows build and cawk
And send their war cries o'er the line,
Down to the place of joy, mine:
Presented to me while a boy;
This lovely bend of the Estataue.
Here on these rugged rocks I've played
When the sun on Mitchell stayed;
And when the twilight softly stole
Up to the mountain from the knoll.
'Twas here I learned to bend the bow,
To aim the spear and how to throw
The tomahawk with deadly aim,
When we were in pursuit of game.
'Twas here I passed my youthful sports,
'Tis here I'll hold my Indian courts;
'Twas here I chased the roe in youth,
'Tis here I'll keep my heart with truth;
'Twas here Win-as-sa won my life,
'Tis here Win-as-sa'll be my wife;
And though she sleep upon the hill,
Winassa'll be my Dear Wife still.
A chieftain is her father bold,
With heart as pure as purest gold;—
And all her brothers, warriors brave;
But to a Prince, her love she gave.
That simple love was childish taste—
So full and pure that I made haste
To fill my life with her true love
That great Moneto from above
Might look with favor on the son
Of the chieftain who great fame had won.

But this was not the half my dream
Of joy here beside this stream.
Here day by day as time trode on,
I listened to the river's song:

My life goes on,
And so must yours;
I blend with the ocean,
And you with the years.

Ere long my course
Will all be run;
My dashings be over,
My songs be sung.

My life must end,
But yours will never;
My influence dies—
Yours lives forever.

So day by day, I list the song,
As the foaming waters dashed along;
I dreamed of life, of love, of joy,
By the bubbling springs on the Estataue;—
I saw manhood advance and then recede,
With questions settled, all things agreed
Till war was now a curse gone by;
Men wanted to live instead of to die.
Moneto seemed pleased and blessings abode
On earth among nations instead of a load
Of horror and trouble with hatchet and spear,
With the wilder tribes living North of here.
I saw myself in manhood's prime,
Making advances, improving the time,—

Making life in the wigwam sweet,
In the winter's cold or the summer's heat.
My joy was quickened, my blood ran high,
When I saw the leaping river nigh,
Which taught by example, repeated trial,
It never discouraged from mile to mile;
And onward still from day to day,
Its murmuring voice would seem to say:

Beware your deeds,
And list the river;
My influence dies,
Yours lives forever.

I saw in the future a mountain of bliss,
The peaks of which I longed to kiss,
When my youthful narrows had all been run,
When I was the chief instead of his son;
When young Win-as-sa from the tribe so dear,
From whom we now had no cause to fear,
Would be in my wigwam sharing my life;
O, happy day when she'd be my wife!
And thus by this stream as pure as truth,
In my youth I dreamed out the "Dream of
Youth."

REALITY BEGINS.

I suddenly awake, my father has died,
My mother is sleeping close by his side;
And now I find, though only a boy,
That I am a chief on the Estataue.
The first part of my dream is sadly fulfilled,
All things must go however I've willed;

Our tribe is at peace with all the world,
And joy throughout our nation is hurled;
The tribes on the North, the South, and the West
Have all decided from war to rest.
My wigwam is finished, how dear is life!
Now that little Win-as-sa is my loving wife.
I left my joys to join the chase,
Where we found a man that had a pale face;
He seemed very tired and dumb with cold,
We took him home and there he told
That he was an agent sent from a king
To treat with the Indians before it was spring.
His tongue, as he used it seemed very straight,
And concerning the treaty, he was willing to
wait

'Till we could decide with the rest of our race,
On the meeting time and the meeting place.
But while we waited peace threatened to die:
Other whites came and settled near by.
They said they'd teach us and we'd teach them,
That the floods of life together we'd stem.
So we took them up with the greatest of joy,
And gave them land on the Estataue.
We planted poles around our land,
And left them there that they might stand
To show Pale-face the bound we'd made;—
Which circled round from Mitchell's shade
With the sparkling, dashing river's bend,
To where the mountain's awful rend,
Produced the long since famous gorge,
Where first we learned of a great King George;
And then the line ran in the main,
Up to the head of rocky Cane;
And thence across from Henson's caves,

Back to the hill of our fathers' graves.
This much we left for our own use,
And though we dwelt in our huts secluse,
We had right to our homes and rights to respect
From those we had helped, had right to expect
That they, in return, would help us in need,
But they were thoughtless and full of greed.
Before very long there were more came in,
With great long hunting knives made of tin.
Nearer and nearer they came to our bounds,
Till we had to tell them to keep off our grounds;
A meeting of pale-face and reds was called—
The pale-face speeched and the reds all squalled
Till some young and hot-blooded braves
Flew in to protect their dead fathers' graves.
Bad blood on both sides was easily raised,
I counseled for peace, but all peace was erased
From the minds of the pale-face greedy for gold,
And the braves protecting their land as of old;
At last they were quiet and peace was restored,
But not before Mother Earth was gored.
The meeting was ended and nothing gained,
Save one of our lawyers, bound and chained,
Was carried away to the white man's home,
Where none of our folks were allowed to come.
The trouble was on, war seemed declared,
But soon we felt that we'd be spared
The awful horror of blood and scalp,
But we called on the tribes near by for help.
The trouble now passed and we seemed blest,
But those at the border were still oppre'st;
They still came in and clamored for land,—
When my father gave me his dying hand,
He told me to hold to our old homes,

Never to sell my father's bones,
I love them dearly, what's more dear
Than the graves of our loved ones sleeping here?
That mound on the knoll beyond the vale,
Tells us, when we listen, many a tale
Of love and friendship, of pleasures gone;
And all in groanings of death like tone
It says we are traveling to the self same end,
But will we sleep in the lovely bend?
Is the question now that sadly comes,
As the white man seeks to take our homes.
I knew my people, each noble brave
Would give his blood for his father's grave;
So would we all even to this day,
Still there is not the faintest ray
Of hope for the joys that once were ours,
Among Carolina's natural towers.
The white man's words said: "We bring you joy,
There is religion for the Estataue."
Their actions said: "We're sent by a king,
Destruction to your homes to bring."
They talked to us much of Moneto the great,
And about repenting would always prate;—
Still they took our horses and corn,
Killed our people and left us to mourn;
They brought us a book and wrote it on bark,
They taught us to read it, but when it was dark
And we were reading, both son and sire
Were alarmed to find the village on fire;
Then of course the book was laid by
In the resolve: "White man must die."
Soon each brave hurried up the river,
Carrying a bow and a snake-skin quiver;
At midnight dark a blaze was seen,

And often when the trees were green,
An Indian hid in the top of tree,
To send an arrow to whom he could see,
Sometimes there'd come a terrible roar,
And we knew some Indian lived no more;
They had guns and powder, you know,
They told us that powder would grow,
Then we sold them more of our land
For powder and carried it home in our hand—
We planted it—hoed it—watched it—but all
Our hopes were in vain, it never grew tall
Enough to be seen, and if ever it grew,
'Twas in the night time, so we never knew
How they paid for our land, but soon we found
That more white men had settled around.
Then we met under an oak,
And made a treaty to never be broke;
They sold us guns and powder and lead
For things that were useless to us they said;
We gave them furs and trees and land,
And then they said: "Lend a helping hand
To get the fields ready to till,
And half of the crop is yours," but still
When the ears from the shock were pulled,
All the large ears were carefully culled.
Then white man gathered and carried them out,
And tried to put the Indians to rout.
Quarrels kept coming, I counseled for peace,
But strifes and troubles never would cease.
My home to me now was doubly dear,—
Besides Win-as-sa and the river so clear,
I had two children, my girl and my brave,
For whom I'd give my life to save.

THE SEPARATION.

More settlers came, we gave in more,
They moved still nearer to our door.
We dreaded the thought of leaving our home,
We also dreaded the troubles to come;
At last we found that we could not bear
To be treated by strangers so unfair;
They had killed our children, had stolen our
corn,

They had given us trouble at night and morn;
We had borne as only a brave heart can,
We were surely more patient than any white
man.

We thought that maybe Moneto had sent
Them to tell us of evils to repent;
They talked often and long about the man
That died on a tree to save all he can,—
We thought surely their doctrine was good,
When one of them had given his blood,
We thought it good, they taught us so,
And often to hear their lawyers, we'd go.
With pictures in words, they'd make us see
The suff'ring form upon the tree.

We thought that if surely one was so brave,
That he for an Indian his life blood gave,
Surely these were honest and true,
So we trusted and loved them, would not you?
But when we saw their every-day life,
And saw among them their civil strife,
We felt that they only meant to deceive,
That their own doctrines they didn't believe;—
So when their motives we could see,
We held a conference under a tree,

And decided to try the Old Indian Plan,
To deal now a while with the tricky white man,
They stole our children and we killed theirs,
They took our horses, we took their hairs;
We tried to act fair and to do as they'd done,
Sometimes we could whip, sometimes we could
run.

We'd wake them up at dead of night,
To show them their wigwams burning bright,
We burned their wigwams, killed their wives,
Took their guns and hunting knives,
We watched wigwam, white brave leave,
We killed papoosie, white squaw grieve.
We steal young squaws and take them away,
Some of them live with the Indians to-day;
One day more men from rising sun,
Came into the fight and the red men run
And hid themselves on the rocky hill,
Where we quietly listened and kept very still,
To watch the white man go to camp,
And then ere long we began to tramp;
Slowly and silently we moved along,
We crossed the river, I heard its song,—

Great deeds are yours,
But your greater fame
Will never come
To your present name.

My comrades were gone, I wanted to stay,
And hear what the river had to say,
But they were hurrying on up the river,
Holding tightly their bow and quiver,
We plotted before starting upon our way,

To wield destruction ere the dawn of day,
The yellow moon smiled over the hills,
And merrily danced the silvery rills,
And the river gleamed like sheets of gold,
And onward moved our band so bold,
Creeping silently in the shade,
Not even a shadow or noise we made,—
Each one stepped in the other's track,
And the one behind would often look back
To see if the whites had found our trail,
But could hear nothing save a screech owl's wail;
Then we moved with our utmost speed,
Till we reached the river where it was agreed
That we would divide and surround the place,
And shoot arrows and fire before they gave
chase.

Then we walked carefully, almost half bent,
Till half our plans of attack were spent,
Then all of a sudden the arrows flew,
Till the sky was red that had been blue,
The night was chill, but soon the heat
Had found its way to the corn and wheat;
White man awoke and took his wife
Into the woods to save her life,—
All they could do was get away,
They had no homes in which to stay,
And when they left the fire and smoke,
Old rough arrows to them spoke,
But if he escaped and started to run,
We let him hear the white man's gun.
When all was over and the village burned,
The red man's merry eyes were turned
In on the ruins and we shouted and danced,
And around the burned up homes we pranced.

Then pop, pop, pop! and some Indians fell,
Again, pop, pop, pop! and the white men yell—
While we danced 'round the white man's home,
More white men from a village had come,
And found us there rejoiced to see
The homes of their neighbors burned from a
tree;

Pop, pop, pop, they go again,
And there goes down three more of our men,—
We tried to run, 'twas all in vain,
For around our folks they had formed a chain,
It seemed every man had a gun and a knife,
They sure meant to take Indian's life;
At last we had a chance to shoot,
And so we gave a terrible hoot,
And a storm of arrows and bullets and shot,
Almost made the air get hot;
Then we ran at the top of our speed,
But bullets followed us full of greed,
Some of us went on and some of us fell,
But how any got away, we never could tell;—
We reached our homes, they were aflame,
And every one knew who was to blame.
We found the whites all ready to fight,
And though we soon could put them to flight,
My home was unharmed, I looked for my wife,
Determined to fight till death for her life;
My girl of ten summers now came to my side,
I caught her a horse and told her to ride
Till she would be safe from the horrors of war.
And if she saw her father no more,
To tell her brother, my eight wintered brave,
That his father died his home to save,
I told her to ride as never before,

Then I made a rush for my wigwam door,
I saw my daughter outrun the men,
But have not seen her once since then;
Where now she is, I cannot tell,
But I hope in the Southland, living and well.
At my wigwam door I met my wife,
She handed me a gun and said, "Fight for your
life."

The terrible conflict came to a close,
And over all as the soft moon rose,
The light was thrown on pools of blood,
Among the bushes in the little wood,
The moon passed on into the East,
Leaving all dark for man and beast;—
Quickly then as the darkness fell,
Our narrow escape, we tried to tell,
We groped about for the wounded and dead,
We found Win-as-sa with a cut on the head;
Our medicine men attended to that
While on a rocky steep she sat.
We bitterly wept as we buried our slain,
Then as the night began to wane,
A pathway up the mountain we took,
And when it was light we stopped to look
Back on our homes forever gone,
And only a few of us left alone,
Held council now, what was to be done?
They had beaten us badly, we could only run.
We sat and gazed on the land so dear,
I thought of my child and dropped a tear;
So we decided to Northward go,
Before the falling of winter's snow.

THE JOURNEY.

In the morning, we began our journey long,
And all of us joined in a farewell song,—
Once on the Chucky, we stopped to rest,
And look lovingly back at Old Mitchell's crest;
Who is so strong that a wave of the hand
Will banish forever their own native land?
Who can forget the land of his birth,
When sleeping there are the dear ones of earth?
Who can help thinking with some regret,
On leaving the place where every sunset
Has told him stories, has painted sweet scenes
Of purple mountains with many ravines,
With tall smoky peaks mounting up so high,
It seems they are kissing the sun-lit sky,
And just below the mountain so steep,
The river is singing the day to sleep,
With a wild lullaby, apart from the earth,
That the river has known ever since its birth?
Then once again, we wended our way,
Down the winding river at the close of day;
Then as the air grew chill and damp,
We looked about for a place to camp.
Some sticks were brought, a fire was made,
And the meat around to roast was laid,
And thus we closed the first weary day,
With our last night's homes far, far away.
Some of us watched while others slept,
And a vigilant watch all night we kept;—
The night we spent in rest and sleep,
And before the morn began to peep
Four braves went out in search of game,
The others stayed to care for the lame.

No farther we went, but rested that day,
We felt sufficiently far away,
To tend our sick and care for them,
That the tides of weakness they might stem.
After this we pursued our course,
We traveled very slowly, the weather was worse,
Through bushes and rocks we picked our way,
And always stopped at the close of day;
At last there fell a drifting snow,
Which rendered our progress very slow.
At last we found on the steep hill-side,
A rocky cavern where we could hide,
We found a broad room with a sandy floor,
And hung a buffalo skin up over the door.
Here we stayed till the snow was gone,
The weather was better when we started on;
Our wounded now were strong and well,
There was a kind of joy we could hardly tell,—
But day by day, I was forced to mourn
For one in the Southland left alone,
She was little Win-as-sa, named for her mother,
But Moneto was good and gave us another
Who was also our child and loved our brave,
She, too, I would give my life-blood to save.
One April eve near the close of day,
We climbed a peak and looked into May;
We looked o'er the plains to the home of the sun,
And saw silvery streams to the Northward run.
There were rolling plains with beautiful grass,
And just beyond the mountain pass
There were herds of buffalo, elk, and deer,
Peacefully grazing, with no thought of fear,—
We stood in silence, we were all amazed,
We looked in wonder and mutely gazed

At the beautiful scenes stretching far away
To where the sun goes to end the day.
The scene was beautiful to behold ;—
The sun-kissed rivers shone like gold,
The brooks and brooklets could be seen,
Like silvery threads on the meadows green,—
In which the deer or the elk could see
Another creature as graceful as he ;
Upon whose banks the flowers of spring
Caused the birds to build and sing,
Near by these waters so pure and clear,
Where they watch the timid deer,
And where the sun's hot noon-day beams
Are reflected by the streams,
But a coolness still is made
By the tall cane's loving shade.
I saw a peak far, far to the right,
On which the sun was shining bright,
The purple mist that filled the air,
The rocks on top, so huge and bare,
Made me think of days now gone,
And the dear Southland with one alone,
Of all our tribe now roaming there,
Out, maybe, on the mountain bare.
But now the sky was red and gold,
The day was dying but was not cold.
A fire was kindled, our meat prepared,
But ere long in the darkness glared
A number of eyes, surprised at the light,
We never had seen such a terrible sight ;—
We fixed our arrows and prepared to shoot,
When right over our heads a powerful hoot
Caused us to jump and lose our aim,
But still we did not lose our game ;

We shot with arrows instead of a gun,
For we knew the rest would run,
But instead, when one would fall,
And, if perchance there was a squall,
The rest would gather round to see,
What this curious trouble could be.
In the morning we heard a succession of notes,
That seemed to pour from myriad throats.
At day we went for the quail we heard,
But could not find a single bird.
Then we stood and listened long,
At the sweet, pure notes of the warbler's song,—
Then the blue bird sang while screamed the jay,
It seemed all the birds were up greeting the day.
Many, many were the sounds we heard,
At last we found 'twas a mocking bird.
Our party was ready with arms at hand,
To try to explore this beautiful land;
The young tender grass with dew was wet,
And among the rocks was the violet;
By a purling brook were other flowers,
And the waters laughed on not counting the
 hours,
Till the great sun was high in the air,
Before we thought of why we were there.
It seemed this had once been white man's home,
But Moneto, displeased, had sent him to roam
On the broad plains of a hunting ground bare,
Where he hunted in vain for no game was there.
Then I wondered if he, too, wouldn't send
The white man out of our lovely bend?
As we marched on across the green,
A great herd of animals could be seen,
Some calmly grazed upon the bank,

While others went down to the water and drank;
Hunger had seized us, I raised my gun,
There was an echoless roar and a stampede
run,—

We crossed the stream and lying near
Upon the bank was a fat, sleek deer:
We slaked our thirst from a bubbling spring,
And thanked Moneto, the Spirit Land King.
We thought of our homes and the joys once ours,
We looked at the stream and the beautiful flow-
ers:

Then we traveled North, entranced with the
scene,

Till the low Western sun looked calm and serene;
On the towering peaks upon our right,

That again enrapt them in purple light.

We traveled on till the whip-poor-will's wail

Told us 'twas time to leave the trail,

And make ready to camp in this land of bliss,

For surely there never was land like this.

The next morning we saw the young sun rise

Right up out of the red-tinted Eastern skies;

We thought in this land we'd like to roam,

We'd like to call this land our home.

But a new question soon gave us pain:

Our band was too small to live on the plain,—

So onward we traveled, becoming foot-sore.

Till wearied and worn, we reached the shore

Of a beautiful river, near the Sciotas' home.

We crossed and were told no longer to roam.

The terms of adoption were short and brief:

My folks changed their names but I was their
chief.

SORROW AND TREACHERY.

The Sciotas were good, the Sciotas we loved,
A help in trouble the Sciotas proved;
We said we would help them in war or peace,
That our friendship for them never should cease;
And now for protection from danger and harm
Around us was thrown the Sciotas' arm.
They builded us wigwams in their camp,
And in the woods with them we'd tramp
In search of game on a summer day,
Till well with them we loved to stay.
Our own tribe was extinct, the name was lost,
And the men in the Bend well knew the cost.
At last in the camp things became very quiet,
The Sciotas were getting ready to fight.
Ere long one morning, in run a brave,
And told us get ready our homes to save;
Now all was excitement and thirst for blood,
The braves got ready to go to the wood,
I told them "Be quiet," but I didn't know
Why they were so anxious to go,—
They once had lived in the grass and flowers,
Had had a beautiful home like ours;
On the bank of a dashing river so gay,
That sang sweet songs all through the day,
Living in peaceful Indian style,
But like us found white men after a while;
They treated them kindly, as Indians do,
Thinking their words and hearts were true,—
Ere long they quarreled, saw troubles descend,
To make of their homes, quickly, an end;
To the Northland then they had to flee,
But did not leave the white men free

To take their homes and make them their own,
Nor did they leave the men alone,—
But down the river would silently float
At night to the camps on a large flat boat,
Made of birch bark, and attacked in the night,
They would burn the homes and take their flight.
And now they were all very anxious to leave,
Our brave was with them, it made us grieve;
And when they left our brave left, too,
But we could trust him, he was true.
They were to go where the scout had been,
And find the trail of scouting white men,
They thought they would find the army in camp,
It was a little too early for them to tramp;
Then they would give them arrows and lead,
And take the skin from the top of their head.
They put in their work, their earnest heart,
I knew our brave would do his part;—
He went with the braves, but never came back,
White man shot him down in his track.
Imagine our sorrow when the news came down
The river that night to the Indian town.
Our hearts with sorrow were bended low,
Oh, that such sorrow we ever should know,
But two we had brought to this new land,
Now one had fallen by white man's hand.
There was only one, our youngest, left,—
To comfort father and mother bereft,
It seemed to us now that the world was cold,
It took our joys while we were getting old;—
We mourned his loss so far from the place
Where he had started in Life's short race,—
It made us sad for that lone grave
To re-echo Sciota's wave;

Ere long more trouble was in the air,
This time I said I'd take some hair
To pay for the loss in our last fight,
So we routed the whites and put them to flight.
We watched their paths both night and day,
So that any came in would not get away;
One day we captured a few of their men,
Our folks said they'd not get them again,
So one by one they met their fate,
Till at last one evening late,
A captive brave so young and strong,
Came out to die; I begged, was I wrong?
They wanted to kill him, but I forbade,
My heart wanted solace, my life was sad.
I begged for the captive to make him my son,
I was sure o'er this, his love I had won;
So we adopted him son of a chief,
We thought in this way to lessen my grief.
We took him to the river, washed out white blood,
To make sure that he'd be good,
Then the paint was applied the color to give,
We thought with us he'd forever live,
And his hair was dressed up in Indian style,
The pulling, it seemed, was his hardest trial.
He now was my brave wherever he went,
And I became more and more content,
Not knowing his nature nor dreaming his
thought,
Nor thinking of the trouble which he has
brought,
We learned to love him almost as our son,
And honor among the Indians he won,
For he was brave and strong and true
As we thought from what we knew.

We sent him hunting with braves or alone,
And often they said to us, "He is gone."
But sooner or later he always came back,
And told how he followed a buffalo track,
Or chased the deer too far away
To get back ere the close of day;
Our braves now planned to go to his home,
To send his folks to the forests to roam;
Then one said, "He's gone to tell
His folks we're coming to expel
Them from their settlement on the creek,
Believe me, he's gone, the one whom you seek."
Our hearts now sank, the treacherous knave
Had stolen our thoughts from the lonely grave,
He had deceived us who had saved his life,
And left us wretched, me and my wife.
Now he was gone, no one could recall,
But we hoped in our hands he'd some time fall.
We had lost one we loved, 'twas ours to mourn,
We never saw him after that morn.

WIGWAM SORROWS.

My eldest daughter in the Southland alone,
My brave, her brother, was murdered and gone,
My treacherous white, a fugitive free,
Left only our youngest to Win-as-sa and me.
She had now become the pride of our hearts,
And though the deep wound in our lives still
 smarts,
We had somewhat forgotten our aching pain,
When all at once there were Indians again.
Oh, life is full of sad, sore tests,
When sorrow on sorrow make all our guests;

Still we love it, will not give it up,
But will sorrowfully drain the cup,
To find something better among the dregs,
Hope still lives on though reality drags.
We at last consented for peace to be made,
We accordingly met in an elm tree shade:—
We told of the things each other would do,
I did not believe them, for they were not true,
I had a foreboding of evil that day,
I could not believe a word they would say;
They swore they would keep it all their days,
But it isn't a promise that every time pays;
They broke their words and tried to burn
Our homes that day, but we made a turn
With bows and arrows, hatchets and guns,
There were plenty of falls, and squalls and runs.
We thought they'd decided 'twas policy best
Our homes that night not to molest.
Now the Sciotas all painted black,
And made ready at once to make an attack.
We were ready to march on the morrow morn,
But while we were roasting and eating corn
There were yells of fire and smell of smoke,
Our enemies on us at night had broke;
But soon we were out with hatchet and spear.
Bows, arrows and guns, and all in gear
To stand or fall in defence of the home
That had been ours since we had come
From the grass and flowers, the land of the
South,
So we sent forth fire from the flint-lock's mouth.
I had dreaded war and hated blood,
But now as amid the fray I stood,—
And thought of my boy, cold in the grave,

Of the treacherous thief, my strong white brave,
Of my girl in the South, my happy home,
And all past joys forever gone;
And now that I was in the game,
A strange delight thrilled all my frame,
It gave me pleasure to hear them squall,
My heart fairly leaped to see them fall.
Their blood so red I loved to see,
Knowing some was shed for me.
I lost all thought of sorrow or care,
Only for the loved ones in danger there;
But right and left the charge was made,
Till many whites and reds were laid
In heaps all round about the place,
All cold and free from life's cold race;
A silence surprised us, they were gone,
And we were left with the dead alone,—
We carried them in, both red and white,
And in the wigwams made a light;
Some wigwams were burned, but ours was un-
harmed,
It served us a shelter for the squaws unarmed.
We went to see how they had fared,
The room was dark, but we were not scared
Till we entered and found Win-as-sa alone,
Who said the others with our daughter were
gone;
Some of them ran when they had a scare,
But my daughter and wife said they would stay
there;
But at last their retreat the white men found,
And by the hair dragged our girl on the ground.
Was she killed or captured was the question now,
And not how many were killed in the row;

But others were gone and we thought she may
By some mere chance have gotten away,
And was hidden with them in another hut,
Then one came in with an unkind cut,
And said my daughter was captured sure,
The white man had taken my child so pure,
Our own child, our old hearts' pride,
To serve the white man, I wished she had died,
The morning broke dull, heavy and gray,
Our sorrow was great, we could not stay
In our home so lonely and bare,
And think our child would never be there,—
The white man says that Indian don't feel,
To murder white men is their only zeal,
But we are humans, they say we've a soul,
And that all life has one common goal;
Indians love as white men do,
And to their friends are far more true,—
Than the white men have been as the Indian
 knows,
White man's promise is like wind that blows,—
They took our homes and did not pay,
We think stealing is acting that way.
Our hearts were heavy and sad indeed,
Our children gone, made our old hearts bleed,
Till at last Win-as-sa, overcome with grief,
Began to see her future was brief,
Her pains grew worse from day to day,
Till finally death came and took her away.
I wanted to go, it could not be,
There was some of life still left to me.

A LONELY EXISTENCE.

The world was dark, it seemed unkind,
No peace nor rest my heart could find;
I wandered about from day to day,
But never could find the slightest ray
Of hope or rest or peace or joy,
I wished I was back on the Estataue;
The Sciota, Ohio and Kain-Turkey, all
Were visited then in the early fall;
But somehow their dashings had little charm,
Still their music could do me no harm,
My life was sad, I hungered for love,
But none could come save from above;—
Day by day beyond the vale,
I could see two mounds, or hear a wail,
I felt that my child was bound in chains,
And calling the Chief to relieve her pains,
The sight or the sound by day or by night
Haunted me still in hearing or sight,
I peeled a large birch and made me a boat,
And on the Ohio set it afloat,
I quietly rowed on the placid river,
Thinking of things that were gone forever;
Wherever I went I could see still
Two lonely graves on the slope of the hill,
But day by day as time trode on
I thought of our river and its old time song;
I thought of that one in the far off land,
Then of her brother by the white man's hand
Stricken down on stranger soil,
Then of the younger and Win-as-sa's toil;
Death tries us all, 'tis for the best,
Tired ones should have a place to rest,

But surely 'tis hard to willingly bow
To Moneto's commands when we don't know how
He means for things with us to go,
Or how He rules things here below.
But nature at last came into my life,
And though I had neither children nor wife,—
The rivers, each day, sang sweeter songs,
The birds flocked about in myriad throngs;
Their warbling was music to my Indian ear,
I listened with interest when they came near,
I fed them crumbs of corn and bread,
And at last they would light on my shoulder or
head.

They came and sang from the first peep of day,
Till the darkness of night would drive them
away.

Then in the silence the friendly moon
Peeped into my wigwam to lighten my gloom;
Then in came sleep, the friend of all friends,
With refreshing dreams to make full amends
For all the day's unfriendly toil,
And take us back to our native soil;
And brings back things long since dead,
But never pictures things ahead.
I was now growing old with sorrow and years,
My hair was white from trouble and tears,
The long, long summer finally passed,
Its worry and heat were over at last;
Then the clear, cool, frosty nights
Brought with them some sweet delights,—
The insects' song rang sweet and clear
As they sang the praise of the waning year.
Jack Frost looked forth on all the land,
And slew the grass with merciless hand;

The year, like me, was getting old,
The forests put on their red and gold;
The crimson leaves with orange were hung
Upon the limbs to which they had clung,—
All through the summer in wind and storm,
But now the days had ceased to be warm,
And they must soon be ready to go,
To hide the ground from winter's snow.
It was the sweet days when corn's put away
To serve our needs on a colder day,
When all the squaws are busy so long,
Preparing the skins for winter's song,
When snows are blowing all around,
And icicles shooting up out of the ground;—
'Twas then a man and a woman were seen
Coming across the strip of green
Between the garden and my wigwam door,
Then I noticed what I didn't before:—
A beautiful child came up by their side,
Which seemed to be their full hearts' pride.
They came inside—imagine my joy,—
She said, "I am your daughter, and this is your
boy."

THE STILLNESS BROKEN.

'Twas truly my daughter, her husband and child,
In my sudden joy I feared I'd go wild;
My daughter was stolen and taken away,
And had gone to school as the white men say,
She had learned to talk the white man's words,
Had lived in his home, had helped tend his herds;
In short she had learned the white man's life,
Then she had become a white man's wife;

And there was little Win-as-sa, my grandchild
dear,

She clasped my neck, I shed a tear,
She sat on my knee as white children do,
And told me stories she said were true,
She read them in a book, sacred she said,
All about a man wearing thorns on his head;
She ran, brought the book, I could not read,
But as soon as I saw it, I knew its creed,
'Twas the very same book that was written on
bark,

The one we had read when the night was dark,
In the long ago days before trouble came down,
Before white men burned the Indian's town.
She said they were going back the very next day,
She had come to catch me and take me away
To her own home so lovely and calm,
She didn't want me to stay in a cold wigwam.
Slightly protected from the rain and snow,
When she had a home to which I could go.
Next day down stream we rowed in a boat,
They were all too eager to let it float,
Far below our homes on the bank of the stream
We saw a man holding a team
And a fine wagon, white man said a coach;
I saw him watch us fastly approach,
And now my boy with one strong hand
Was pulling the boat right up to the land.
They said it was theirs and we were to ride,
So I got in with the child by my side.
We rode to the farm, 'twas all like a dream,
I could scarcely believe it, it did not seem
That I should know such joy in the "Vale of
Tears,"

But Moneto is good and always hears
The cry of the helpless or comfortless one,
And now I will tell you how I learned of his
son:

There were presents going the rounds one day,
And then I heard my grandchild say:
Christmas gift for Grand Pa Chief,
To all who came, while they brought a wreath,
What they did it for I could not tell,
Then there came the ringing of a bell,
And still the meaning I did not know,
And then they said we'd to dinner go;
After eating our dinner, in the room we went,
And the child said she'd tell what this all meant;
And this is the story the dear one told
To her Grand Father Chief so ignorant and old:

“Years, years ago, far over the sea,
Your Moneto looked down and was sad,
All over the world the men were mean,
And He wanted to make them glad.

They were all so bad they could not go
To live with Him above;
The man you call Moneto is
Our God, a God of love.

He had one Son, He loved Him well,
More than you loved your brave;
All men had sinned and all were lost
Till He sent His Son to save.

Years, years ago he came to earth,
In the form of an innocent child;

And grew to manhood among the folks,
On all He met He smiled.

When He was a man, He told the folks
How God would have them do:—
He commanded them to love each other,
And to each other be true.

He told them to pray, that God would forgive,
If on His Son we'd believe;
He will help us to bear all sorrow and care,
And will strengthen us when we grieve.

He lived among men a few short years,
And mean men nailed Him on a cross;
They there let Him die between two thieves,
And did not know their loss.

After three days they went to the grave,
The one they had buried wasn't there;
They looked all around and inquired for Him,
And two angels watched them stare.

But He was not there, He was alive,
And talked to men,—
He took them upon a mountain top,
And went to heaven then.

And now Grand Pa, if you will believe
That the Son died also for you;
He has promised that He'd save all,
And His every promise is true.

He said something about being born again,—
That is, get a heart that's new;
And if you only ask Him aright,
He'll show it all to you.

Just talk to God, tell Him what you want,
Confess that you've done wrong;
Tell Him take sorrow and care from your life,
And put in your heart a song."

The story was ended, I bowed to pray,
And the child bowed with me on Christmas Day,
I told the Great Father of all my sin,
There was a peaceful calm and the Son came in.

THE SWEET EXCHANGE.

The days passed on but not so slow,
The time was coming for me to go;
The earth and my joys seemed all a dream,
But often I thought of a dashing stream
Where once I had wished my body laid,
Beneath Old Mitchell's loving shade;
But now I was sure I did not care
Where I was buried, "here or there."
On the blue-grass slopes they said I'd sleep,
And over my grave sweet flowers should weep;
When the morning dew from heaven so fresh
Should sparkle above my mould'ring flesh
And when the rain drops trickled down,
Or the frost should make a fairy town;
While the summer's heat and breath of the
South

Would bring the flowers and ope the bird's
mouth.

All sweetly surrounded ; but none of this
Would ever add to or take from my bliss ;
I'll be far away in my home on High,
Enjoying the sunshine above the sky.
Time came and went, the child grew tall ;
I could not walk for fear I'd fall ;
No day was dreary, for the story of the cross
Made me forget each earthly loss,—
The autumn sunshine, the frost and the rain,
The golden leaves and the winds' sad refrain,
With the Christmas bells that so curiously rang,
And the white man's songs they sweetly sang,
The chill breath of winter from Northern snow,
The phantoms of spring which oft come and go
With a sunshiny day on the balmy sweet air,
Breath of the Southland, no snow is there,
And the gentle purling of the winding brook,
Confirm the story of my grandchild's book.
I saw why He made the dear river sing, .
I saw who made the beauties of spring,
I saw how the grass crept up from the sod,
I saw that nature declared He was God.
I saw enough to fill me with joy,
And rejoiced that I left the Estataue.
Again we heard the bluebirds sing,
Bringing the joyous tidings of spring ;
Then came the robin, next screamed the jay,
And the sun shone brightly all through the day.
I longed in the fields to wander about,
But I was so weak that I couldn't get out,
It seemed that my strength was well nigh spent,
And my body more than usual bent.

L. OF C.

I saw that my life was nearing an end,
But before the Great Spirit should for me send
I wanted to tell my grandchild dear
The whole true story of my life work here;
I have told this story as best I could,
Just how the two races have misunderstood
Each other in life, and sorrow have wrought,
When the same Good Son their souls has bought.
Please tell this story in white man's words,
You learned them well while among their herds
Of children white, all going to school,
Please tell this story by the English rule,
Don't let them think that we're all to blame,
But each side played his part of the game,
Tell it so that white man may feel
That the Indians are human, their souls are real;
Write it and as the story they scan,
May they see, as I see, the red and white man.

The chief is now silent, we hold our breath,
He becomes very pale, 'tis surely death;
Look, a smile has covered his face,
Something on the cover he seems to trace.
"Ah, there is my river, the Estataue,
I was only dreaming, I'm still a boy,
But look, just beyond, bright lights I see,
I wonder what these strange things can be?
'Tis the angels coming, ah, now I hear,
They are coming for me, but I do not fear,
And the river isn't ours flowing down by the
Roan,
But the River of Gold flowing out from the
throne."

I'll not say farewell, but au revoir,
I know we'll meet again;
In that bright land just over there,
Where all are free from sin.

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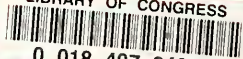
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